

The Misoperation of Machinery

alice nothing made the life of letters seem more
attractive than when this summer on a fork lift
I rocked three wheels on the loading ramp and
one in space until I finally lurched onto the
ramp and my right rear wheel engaged the three-
hundred pound steel plate used to bridge the gap
between the truck and the ramp whereupon the
plate lifted off the ground spinning generally
in the direction of a crowd of co-workers all of
whom rose into the air approximately one half of
their height much in the fashion of St. John of
the Cross unless it was the time or the time or
the time

Advice Mistaken

Called prosy-mushy and being advised
to get my mind to move like light
from word to word and not to stop
with a chopped-up sentence and luxuriate

I turned for inspiration to the newspaper
where I read that someone has
goddamn well been wasting his sweet time

-- David K. Kirby

Baton Rouge, La.

My Daddy

One day my Daddy saw some red ants and some black ants.
They all tried to get my Daddy down to the floor,
But they could not get my Daddy down to the floor
And they were mad because they could not get my Daddy down.

The Ash

There once was an ash,
Who was thrown in the trash,
Who soon became mad at,
All the housecats.

-- Gayla C. Malone

Storrs, Conn.